CUP 21 g. 33/6
028
127

Dr. OATES's ANSWER To COUNT TECKLY's LETTER,

Giving Him a True Account of the

Present Horrible Plot.

May it pleaſe your Excellency,

THe inexpreſſible favour you have ſhewn to the Adorer (not only of his *Mahometan* Majeſty the Grand *Seignior*, your ſelf, the *Mahometan* Laws, and Religion, but alſo of your Excellency's Diſcenting Principle from your Chriſtian Maſter, which is a true Parable with us here in theſe 3 Kingdoms) has fill'd me with amazement to find a Poet of our Party, to anſwer the incomparable Letter you were pleas'd to honour me withal; For indeed I am not good at writing or reading, my buſineſs is only *Plot-vouching*; for which (I thank *Mahomet*) I am famous all over the World: But at laſt (rather than be ſilent) I have by many importunities, perſuaded him that was Author of a Famous Book, (that I believe your Excellency has heard of) Intituled, *a Popiſh Succeſſor*, &c. to write this Anſwer, which will inform you the truth; the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: which is more then ever I ſwore, or ſaid in all my life before. In the firſt place I do from the bottom of my heart aſſure you (which is more than I durſt ſay of my ſwearing in the late *Popiſh Plot*, tho' I had one *Prance* an Eminent Murderer by Oath; to back me with a well ſworn improbable Murder of a Famous Juſtice of the Peace) that I have as good wiſhes and hearty Prayers for the *Mahometan Cauſe*, as any man breathing in Chriſtendom, of which I am under colour a Member, tho' never Baptiz'd; and have ventur'd my Damnation as far as any that puts forth Chriſtian Coulers on a *Mahometan* Deſign, as I ſhall give your Exellency a true Relation. In the beginning of my true ſwearing, (of which every body is ſenſible) was to the Earl of *Shaftsbury*'s contrivance, I knowing of the truth of the matter, but was reſolved to make my ſelf Famous, as you are ſenſible I have. I muſt needs acknowledge my ſelf a ſincere adorer of *Mahomet* by my perſecuting Oaths againſt the true Lovers of the King of *England*, whether *Proteſtents* or *Papiſts*; (I mean not the the *True Blew Proteſtants*) for as I told your Excellency before, They were for the *Mahometan Cauſe*, we have always ſtood by. Therefore to anſwer your Letter without many more Parentheſes (tho' my life does admit of the Devil and all; who is beſt acquainted with all my proceedings) (as our Sea-men ſay) from Stem, to Stearn. I am, and all the *Mahometan Proteſtants*, under perſecution, for the ſham *Popiſh Plot* which was to introduce a true *Phanatical Conſpiracy*, that is alſo confounded: Therefore we have deſign'd a day of *Humiliation*, (not only for the defeat of our *Un-Chriſtian Cauſe* here) but for your *Mahometan Cauſe* before *Vienna*, as the Chriſtian *Gazets* do inform us, whoſe truth we ſtrive to confound, by our good wiſhes, and daily *Mahometan* Prayers; and yet we cannot prevail. At the Chriſtian Thanksgiving for the Diſcovery of our *Horrid Conſpiracy*, did we not abuſe the Government, and affront the Clergy, by ſending up perfidious Notes to their Pulpits, wherein we juſtify'd (thoſe that rightly ſuffer'd for contriving the death of the King, and the Royal Family) to be abſolutely Murder'd, and yet this does us no good, neither lies it in my power (for what would it avail me to tell your Excellence a lie) to reſiſt by thoſe Methods your Excellence requires? for upon the faith of (what ſhall I ſay) a Gentleman, that I am none; a Doctor I never was, and a Chriſtian (my Father being

ing an Anabaptiſt) would never make me. But (by *Mahomet* whom I adore,) I know nothing of the *Black-Bills* by me ſworn, in the No *Popiſh Plot*: for inſtead of thouſands, I never ſaw one, nor does it lie in my power to tell you what they are like. Therefore I cannot aſſiſt his Majeſty, the Grand Seignior, with any thing of that kind: For by our Prophet *Mahomet*, they were inviſible to me too. I perceive, now our *Cauſe* is in its Wane, 'twill expire like the ſnuff of a Candle, having no Sun to renew its light by; unleſs the *Son of Perdition*, which will caſt a damn'd pur-blind Reflection. For the *Spaniſh Pilgrims* (as I have already ſworn, I will not tell you a Lie, tho' I ſcarce know how to frame my ſelf to a Truth,) was an *Alderſgate-ſtreet* Contrivance, to carry on our Deſign; and a Stratagem to amuſe the Rabble; for upon my *Mahometan* Faith, there was never any ſuch thing. Therefore his Majeſty, the *Turkiſh* Emperour, and my ever Honoured Prince, cannot poſſibly expect any belief from them. I am extreamly willing to change my Climate, had I but money to bear my Charges: for (being in the vein of ſpeaking Truth) I was forc'd to pawn ſome of my Contribution Plate to redeem me from the Tenter-hooks of the *Poultry Compter*; which, an't pleaſe your Excellence is a place, a man cannot get clear of without tearing his cloaths: And indeed mine began to be out at Elbows, for want of a *Plot-allowance*. (Nay) my *Plot* it ſelf I was forc'd to pawn, to *Archibald Sparks* Serjeant at Mace belonging to the Shrievedom of *London*, who has no more Faith in my *Plot*, than a *Jew* has in Chriſtianity: and now I have nothing elſe to pawn, unleſs it be my Soul to the Devil, which I fear he will lend nothing upon, (being his own already) without a Bribe. Therefore I do not find any poſſibility of my going to wait on my Grateful Maſter the *G. S.* my Janiſaries have left me, having no faith in my ſwearing, when there is no money ſtirring. And now the Giant Perjuries of your humble Servant, are dwindled to the Dwarfiſh belief of a Loyal Subject; ſo that I lie expos'd to *Jack Ketch* in his Office. I muſt confeſs I began to be tired with our *True Blue Proteſtant Bums*, (having Bugger'd almoſt the whole Party over) that I long for thoſe *Mahometan* back-ſides, aſſured me in the Grand Seighiors Maſculine Seraglio. But that I now deſpair of, unleſs his *Mahometan* Majeſty, by a ſpeedy ſupply of money from his own Treaſury, do redeem me from the Juſtice of thoſe Chriſtian Princes, I have (I muſt needs confeſs) by my Perjuries abus'd, and ſet all honeſty in a flame, which is now like to ſcorch me to death: except I ſay, the *G. S.* and your ſelf, (who have expreſt ſo much love to me) relieve your Vaſſal: for by *Mahomet*, I adore you before the Crucified Saviour you deſign'd to perſecute. For I was juſt to the *True Blew Mahometan* Cauſe, and will continue ſtedfaſt. For I will Lie for it, Swear for it, go to the Devil, and be Damn'd for it, if it will do the *Cauſe* any good. If you will ſend Money to bear the charge of their Voyage, I do not doubt but to bring the *G. S.* a hundred thouſand *True Mahometan Proteſtants*, that (ſince your Letter) I have recommended your Excellency's reſpects too. Nay, a great part of them are in the Village of *London*; and do talk, and will do as much for the good old *Mahometan* Cauſe, as ever. Our Prince *Mon-Teckly* has given us the ſlip; but *Betbel-Teckly* is as vigorous a Cauſe-monger ſtill as any man, and will be ready upon the leaſt Summons to head us, with the help of Sir *William Waller*, who lies ready at a Bawdy-houſe in *Holland*, and can eaſily give us his aſſiſtance, as he has promiſed; for he was the man that burnt his Saviour in Effigy, and therefore is true to the *Mahometan* Cauſe. But for thoſe *Commiſſions* you mention, I confeſs by the *Mahometan* Faith, I never ſaw one of e'm my ſelf. And for the Veſſel that brought me from *Spain* to *Iſlington* in a days time, to tell you the truth, was a great Lye of mine, becauſe I would be thought a worker of Miracles. The *True Proteſtant Mahometans* (ſend but money) you ſhall have them all; but the *Black-Bills*, I deny: the *Spaniſh Pilgrims*, I know nothing of: the *Iriſh Ruffins*, was a Sham: the *French Army* was a Dream: *Purbeck Invaders*, was a trick to raiſe the Countrey: *Screw'd Guns*, and *Chew'd Bullets* were a Jeſt: but the *Proteſtant-Flails*, and *Blunderbuſſes*, were a real Truth, to deſtroy the King, and all the Royal Family: and beat out the Brains of all their Loyal Subjects. And if they will ſerve you, you may command them, from your Excellencies great Admirer,

Oates.

From the *Amſterdam*
Coffee-houſe.

F I N I S.